One Can Bear Grief But It Takes Two To Be Glad

FRIENDSHIP

HEN Charles Kingsley was asked for the secret of his exquisite sympathy and fine imagination, he paused a space, and then answered, "I had a friend."

The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul ☙ The desire for sympathy dwells in every human heart.

We reach the divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the uni-

versal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one.

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all ❧ The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that only exist in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfill the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible. ¶ Should the beloved pass from earth while this condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world where material wants jostle, and time and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters ❧ But the memory of a

sweet companionship once fully possessed, & snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this, and if the individual is of too stern a fiber to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in the heart a perpetual eucharist.

And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead: they have ceased from their labors and are at rest.

But for the living, when death has entered and removed the best friend, fate has done her worst; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness. The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace.

Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is always forgiveness, charity and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure. The individual himself is nothing: he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with elemental conditions.

To have known an ideal friendship, and had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that has gone, tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them. The beauty with which love adores its object becomes the possession of the one who loves.